"Baby angels, Sam! It's like having kittens with superpowers!" Cas and Gabriel got themselves kiddified.

G, adorable. :D

It turns out that five-year-old angels can stare, and it's even more uncomfortable then when they're fullsized.

Dean's only comfort is that Cas doesn't ask him why. Or how. Or any of that annoying kid stuff that Sam outgrew years ago.

Gabriel, on the other hand, is giving Sam a migraine, judging from how Sam's left eye is twitching. But Gabriel's not Dean's angel, so Dean is going to be smug that he got the nice one.

"Gabriel. No. We are *not* going anywhere. We cannot be there yet." Sam says through clenched teeth, and Gabriel looks innocent.

Scary thing is, as a kid Gabriel really does look innocent. Dean looks back at Cas.

"...wanna go get some pie?" He asks him, and Cas dips his head in a quiet nod. Dean grins. He absolutely has the best angel.